

Christmas Issue

TOIKE OIKE



TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY.

Vol. XXVI

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1934

No. 4

CHRISTMAS AGAIN

"The Long Road", that of last month's "Toike Oike", keeps on recurring in our minds as we go along through the University term. A bend or a turn in a road is always interesting and if there are enough views and landscape features along the way, any kind of road appeals to us, always provided we take time enough to stop and look at the landscape. Perhaps you may have heard the song, "Give me a life in the open air":—

"Give me the open road
And the life that is good and free,
And I'll march along with a happy song
Whatever the weather may be."

As we march along we again have come to a Christmas stop and the turn of the year. We are travelling a road both easy and hard, a road of hills and twists and turns, but a road of way-side pleasure and charm with valleys for rest and hilltops for views.

With the return of the Christmas Season comes the process of reflection upon the year just closing. All students, however intent upon their studies, detach themselves sufficiently to think in terms of the Calendar year, rather than the University Calendar.

It has been a good year, this 1934. Old astrologers might easily have said it would have been "a good year for students". So it has been—for students at schools, colleges and universities, for students of affairs, for students at business, students of economics and students of politics. It has been a good year for students of prosperity.

At any rate, we all realize that times are better than they were a year ago, and if indications are reliable, there is every prospect that the curve is now going up for greater prosperity in Canada, in the Empire, and throughout the world.

So let us be thankful this Christmas time and make it cheerful. Let us look forward to a glad, happy and prosperous New Year.

I wish you all cheer, gladness, happiness and success.

C. H. MITCHELL,

14th December, 1934.

Dean.

THE ORDER OF THE LILY

The year's half way mark finds the lads around school in various frames of mind. The fourth year are beginning to feel that the time until they are going to set out into the cruel world is growing very small and their frame of mind is correspondingly gloomy.

Among this year's recipients of the little old iron ring who have deserved themselves of admission to the order of the lily are:

DON RITCHIE for the way in which he has been handling the affairs of the Engineering Society. Don has also been attending a very fair percentage of lectures to the surprise of his faculty. Rumor has it that he will soon be in a position to retail absolute alcohol at very reasonable rates due to startling improvements on the alcohol still.

BILL ARMSTRONG, that strong man from Tuskaloosa Pennsylvuckia, for the manner in which he conducted the school dinner. Rumor has it that the first vice got his experience ushering in the Episcopoolian church.

RON GORRIE for his excellent spade work in getting the chemicals back from Buffalo without loss of life. Stop the car Don.

LORNE BAKER for being the busiest of all the club chairmen.

BALL OF FIRE EDWARD for having the courage to hold a close rein on the miners and also to act as the editor of the Transactions. It is noised about that the ball of fire has received various offers to replace Mickey Mouse as the greatest screen lover.

The other years also have various members who are worthy of honourable mention in the column of the lily club:

ART KINGSMILL for the Soph-Frosh.

NEV POTTER for being the ablest business man in school. We are told that the entire second year of the University of British Columbia have bought School sophomore year cards.

CHARLIE HOAG for the School Dinner ticket sales. Charlie should also be congratulated for his good work at the third year party.

F. S. M.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Schoolmen, another term has rolled by with its usual excitement for Engineers. School has upheld its envious reputation as usual in every line of endeavour. Among the most notable of the successes scored by our Faculty representatives was the victory of the soccer team and we take this opportunity of congratulating them.

The 45th Annual School Dinner, according to all reports and communications that have reached us, was the most successful of the long line of gastronomical orgies, and there is no doubt that the efforts of the committee were not in vain.

The open meetings of the Engineering Society have been running along according to schedule, but lately the attendance has been rather disappointing. It seems too bad that so few of our members are not eager to learn something besides the rudiments of engineering. The mere mention of the word economics seems to cut our attendance to a quarter. This is the wrong attitude for engineers to take concerning this matter as it will be the men of our profession who will lead in the changing of our economic standards, if the well thought out plans presented at some of our meetings are any criterion. It is unusual to have to ask Schoolmen to support any School activity, but there seems to be no other alternative than to stoop to Art's methods to get a good crowd to our meetings. Next term will probably see a change in this, as on January 7, the meeting will consist of the showing of motion pictures from Vickers-Armstrong, and on January 18, Mr. Davidson of General Motors is to give one of his inimitable, pack-them-in addresses.

Speaking of next term brings to our attention the most important event for Schoolmen, School Nite. This breath-taking extravaganza on January 22 promises to out-do its predecessors and it is certain, that, with the entertainment in the theatre, a considerable improvement will have been made. All this stunt night needs for complete success is the whole hearted backing

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The Toike Oike

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EDITORIAL

A very Merry Christmas.

CIVIL CLUB

The Civil Club is certainly acquiring a very strong and decided "esprit de corps"; this is certainly pleasing to everyone concerned. We're beginning to realize just who our fellow department members are, and I'm sure we all feel a sense of satisfaction in having that "great brotherly love" as the Kingfish would say. This was decidedly shown in the splendid turnout for our meeting on Wednesday, December 12, when we heard a very interesting talk on urban transportation, town-planning, and points of general interest to prospective Civil Engineers.

The Civil Club have been invited to hold their dance in conjunction with the M. and M. dance on January 10. Definite word will soon be announced.

In the meantime, a Merry Christmas to all, and take time off from your studying to eat a little extra on Christmas day.

JACK POWLESLAND,
Chairman.

THE THIRD YEAR

He staggered into the room and grasped a slab of hardwood that looked suspiciously like something from a bar-room, great sobs shook his frame, his hair was matted and unkempt, his face was bruised and looked unhealthy, his clothes were torn and dusty and looked as though they were destined for the ash-can. With a groan he shoved his torn and bleeding hand into his pocket and withdrew it, then throwing down a handful of coins on the table and with a fierce light in his eyes he shrieked, "Gimme a pad of second sheets!"

SOCIAL OIKE

General O'Duffy (Art Kingsmill) created quite a furore with his blue shirt at the recent 3rd year party. So many women asked the name of the handsome looking lad in blue that Frank McCarthy threatened to get down to fundamentals by cutting another two inches out of his evening gown.

Bob McIntyre was heard to remark that whereas some people looked all right in a blue shirt others were a knockout in a bathing suit. He didn't wish to appear jealous but he could recall last summer that he was forced to take the lifeguard notice off his suit and even then he had to pull out so many damsels that the end of the day found him just worn out.

In the toothsome language of the Dentals' Noctem Cuckoo we imagine that Lieut. Ritchie would dismiss the blue shirt situation by saying "It's my privates that count".

Mr. Hing Young and Mr. A. U. Houle wish to announce that they will spend the Christmas holidays north of 60°. Mr. Young promises to lose Mr. Houle's clothes and after much publicity they will be found.

Looking at the matter from a sane viewpoint we see in the centre of a circle of squatted female venisons the debonair Mr. Young, who is recounting from memory page after page of "Fundamental Deductions from First Principles", while a little way off Mr. Houle is energetically searching for his clothes. Needless to say there is much nudging of shoulders, snickering and unseemly winking among the deer maidens, and many a coy glance is shot in the direction of Mr. Houle. As the scene fades out we think we hear a chorus of "Ah bull" from the moose ladies.

MINERS! METALLURGISTS!

The BIG social event of the year is just around the corner! We refer, of course, to the M. and M. At-Home scheduled for Thursday, Jan. 10th.

On that most festive date once again will Malloney's Galleries, at 66 Grenville St., echo from 9 till 2 to the exuberant shouts of Miners and Metallurgists, and the rusty creak of their rhythmic bones.

Hostilities will cease long enough at 12 o'clock to allow rations to be served to all interested parties and to give four songsters of the first water a chance to perform on their respective vocal chords. Novelty dances, (with prizes that would thrill any woman's heart), will be another feature of the gala evening.

You can't afford to miss it—ask her NOW to the M. and M. dance. It only costs \$1.25.

BRUCE G. EDWARD,

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

(Continued from Page 1)

of Schoolmen in preparing skits in good time and in rehearsing frequently.

As you probably know by now, the Engineering Society Executive recently made history in overthrowing the tradition that School should subsidize an At-Home that was only attended by a fringe of Schoolmen. I refer to the cancellation of 1935 School At-Home. It went considerably against the grain to have to take such drastic action, but the Executive felt that rather than court disaster by trying to hold this dance at a charge of \$4.00 per couple, and still have a deficit of from \$225-\$300, that it was better to do away with it altogether. This conclusion was arrived at after viewing the schedule of events for next term. In this we see that each club is planning to hold a dance, each year executive, School Nite on January 22, and a much more reasonably priced formal dance to be held by the C.O.T.C.

Instead of holding the traditional and very expensive formal, the Executive decided to concentrate their efforts on School Nite. The major part of the subsidy budgeted for the At-Home will therefore be appropriated for a dance that is attended by the large majority of Schoolmen. Tentative plans are being formed to make the Graduation Ball the big formal dance of the Faculty. Therefore, as each man, on the average, attends the School At-Home once during the four years here, there will be no loss, as in the Senior year, each Schoolman will have an opportunity to attend a formal dance, and moreover, a formal dance for Schoolmen and attended by Schoolmen only.

This is felt to be a good step as each At-Home in the past has been attended by a large number from other faculties who had no right to the dividend from the Engineering Society in the form of a subsidy to the formal.

This action now centres the attention of School on School Nite. With the extra subsidy, this dance and stunt night will be the most talked about function on the campus.

In closing this term, gentlemen, remember that your Supply Department has many items, that on suggestion, would make excellent Christmas gifts to you or from you.

I hope every Schoolman has a happy holiday and success with the exams.

D. G. RITCHIE

Who are the lads who please their dads
with honour marks in maths?
Who square their tangents, add cosines,
discover vector paths,
Who keep their lab books up to date,
exams they never fear
The thought involving, force resolving
PHYSICAL ENGINEERS!

WANTED, 100 CHEMICALS AND ARCHITECTS!!

To attend the combined dance of the Chemical and Architectural Clubs.

It has long been the dream of the architectural students at School to hold a dance that at least in a small way resembled those held by the students of European Schools. Lack of numbers has heretofore prevented this. This year, however, the happy thoughts that the two above mentioned clubs might combine and put on a real affair instead of two rather mediocre ones. Such a dance is generally held under the name of Beaux-Arts Ball or Ateliers At-Home, and must be fancy dress affairs to be successful.

The architects are behind such an idea 100% and we certainly hope the chemicals will be with us to make this party one to remember.

MECHANICAL CLUB

Towards the end of January, the Club will hold a dinner at which every Mechanical is guaranteed the best meal and address in years, at a price everyone can afford and can't afford to miss.

In February—another smoker; in March the final function of the year; the exact dates will be announced later.

Hearty seasonal greetings.

L. P. BAKER.

THE INDUSTRIAL CHEMICAL CLUB

Our club activities closed for the Fall with a dinner at Coles' College St. Many Club Members were present to hear an interesting address from Dr. E. A. Cliffe on "Problems in Food Chemistry".

A dance, three smokers and a closing dinner are in view for the Spring Term.

F. RONALD GORRIE.

Troubles at North Dakota State Relief Headquarters: from Reader's Digest.

Please send my money at once as I need it badly. I have fallen into errors with my landlady.

I am very annoyed that you have branded my oldest boy illiterate. Oh, it is a dirty lie, as I married his father a week before he was born.

Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children, one of which is a mistake as you will see.

Mrs. ——— has had no clothes for a year and has been regularly visited by the clergy.

I have no children as yet, my husband is a bus driver and works day and night.

In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

MR. LEPAN—PLEASE!

The Department of Chemical Engineering, through its gradually increasing enrolment, has long outgrown its laboratory accommodation. The situation has become acute in the second year Organic Chemistry laboratory in the Mining Building. This year nineteen of the sixty-six students in the department are forced to work in makeshift accommodation on the second floor. The locker space within the laboratory is almost entirely given over to students using the room at other hours. Consequently most of these men must get every piece of apparatus needed from lockers in the hall outside the laboratory. In addition the presence of other students using the same working places at other hours makes it necessary to dismantle the greater part of the apparatus each day. This results in an unavoidable loss of not less than thirty minutes from each laboratory period. The effect is to cut nearly two weeks from the ten weeks allotted for the course.

The most satisfactory remedy—erection of a new building to replace the Engineering Building—is impossible for financial reasons. However, more efficient use of the waste or infrequently used space in the Mining Building would be worthy of consideration as a means of bettering present conditions with very little expense. For instance, there is a walled-in space beneath the side door of the building which might be put to use.

A Few Suggestions--

Class Pins—

10K gold ----- \$2.00

Sterling ----- \$1.00

"School" Rings—

\$4.00 to \$10.00

"School" Blazer .. \$9.50

Pocket Slide Rules \$2.65

Faculty Crest ----- .65

We serve you right at
The Supply Department

DEBATING CLUB

"Egad! My dear children, Christmas is at hand! Hurr-r-umt and hurr-r-ah! And what little Christmas message has your uncle Hoopee Snoop for you?"

"Indeed! It recalls to mind those dear distant days when I expounded my perpetual theory of motionless motion before a distinguished group of members of the S.P.S. Club for the Retrogression of Science."

Be that as it may, the S.P.S. Debating Club has had an active season to date, and the next term promises to be fully as active. Watch for and believe in signs.

A. C. KING,

SPORTOIKEY

By Faf.

"T'was the night before Christmas,
And not a gin there was in sight.
I've drunk six quarts of Heppies beer
And I'm damned if I can get tight."

The stage is all set. Bright lights, a packed arena. Varsity on one side, dear old Eli on the other and all ready to give our boys a lesson in hockey. The players are tensed, the referee drops the puck and I yell,—"Hey, get that guy KOSTUIK." Is my face red?

However, I still think the prize play of that game with the murderer's row from Kingston was when they got Art Upper.

Whoa. C'mon, little typewriter, get back to hockey. From our very undiscerning gaze, you can put it under your hat that when Varsity gets the winning habit in their Christmas jaunt, they are going to be a hard team to beat. I don't know when I've ever seen a team check and backcheck, fight and get in on the goal as did our scrappy bunch of puckchasers. And an extra big hand to Shipp, who must have looked like quintuplets to Yale in that hectic two minutes in the last period. Add to Shipp's great goal tending the fact that the Yale boys forgot to lock the defence door and you get the final score; Varsity—7, Yale—3.

Dear. Dear. We don't only show our Southern friends that hockey is still played up in this hamlet, but have the audacity to send a basketball team to the "We-Won-the-War" country and give 'em a few lessons in the pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake game.

Now if we can only get half the rugby team thrown off because of fraternity affiliations, and enlist enough public sympathy, we could send a team down to the California Rose-bowl. To prove we're the last word in Sports writers, we hereby call Varsity to win the Intercollegiate hockey and basketball titles. All of which has nothing to do with School.

Oh Mamma. Look! Santa Claus has got a gold tooth just like daddy.

Well, the Soccer lads have gone and done it. Always polite and chivalrous, the boys followed out the old adage, ladies first, and gave Victoria the first of the play-off games. However, going into the final game one goal down, the lads took time off from between labs and won the game and round handily. And what a game. It's tremendous. Vic scores a goal and School is calousal. Then our team seems inspired. They're running wild. Vic can't stop them. Hurrah. Hurrah, etcetera. The crowd from School, he's going wild. Then the chappies swing up the field. They're closing in on the goal, the winning goal is kicked and another title comes to

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SPORTOIKEY

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S.P.S. What a game.

Of course, I wasn't there myself, but that's what they told me.

Incidentally, most of the boys in the team have a long way to go to graduation (no wisecrack) and little typewriter and me are going to lead in passing out bouquets to the team for past and future championships.

The prize comment of the past week goes to a dope in third year. Quote: "I don't like steam engine lectures because they are too Allcut and dried." Unquote and shoot. I Bain tank we better shut up or they might Angus.

Some of these days our daily press will inadvertently let a notice slip into their columns that a certain Mr. Dionne was a second party to the Tryonne Quintuplets case. Me, oh my. Then watch the rush.

At the risk of being thrown out of the front door on our ear and being called "a wise guy" we venture the remark that the Engineering Society is making a mistake in cancelling the "School At-Home". It isn't so much that I, and many other fellows who have spoken to me, will miss one dance; but the At-Home is something more than a dance. The consolatory remarks that the C.O.T.C. ball can be attended at a much lower price, strikes us as being something along the line of "Why attend the School Dinner when you can eat over at Yonge Street for 25c?" No Sir. It goes very much against the grain. As for the expense; in our humble opinion the Society either manages the At-Home very poorly, or they are being hooked by the Royal York for a bunch of suckers. At four bucks a throw, I should say SO. Add to the above, the statement that the majority of the money that the Engineering Society cannot afford to use to subsidize the At-Home, will be used to put on a bigger and better show at School-Nite, and you have what is known as inconsistency.

As for opening the Graduation dance to the other years, we think to be expressing the opinion of the fourth year when we say that, with the stage all set for a distinctive farewell dance, (farewell—keep in mind), the au revoir is spoilt by a lot of "noisy soph and frosh" and little better Juniors.

However, the Engineering Society Executive probably has many good reasons for cancelling the most notable function in the campus social activities. All the same, with all due respect to the choice of the people, we think these same people are going to kick plenty before the matter is over.

However, to get back to Sports where nobody pays any attention to our ravings, little typewriter ups and

remarks that Junior School's lacrosse team has the Interfaculty title all but in the bag. In fact by the time you read this, the final game will have been played and we honestly expect School to win. Playing a game not up to their usual standard, they won the first of the two final games from Vic by two goals and go into the final by that margin. When one realizes that this is JUNIOR School going to town, we dream pretty dreams of lacrosse championships for the next few years. R. Stroud is in goal for his first season and is making a sensational job of kicking out the attempts of every team in sight. When we say all the teams in sight we mean just that. Besides their regular interfaculty and play-off series, they have played exhibition games with all the faculties and several good outside teams and have yet to come out on the wrong end of the score. Although loath to pick any stars, because the whole team gets in there and fights all the time and that's really what counts, we cannot desist from mentioning one, S. Murray. This boy is a honey of a lacrosse player, undoubtedly the best in the University and should have a place on the Intercollegiate lacrosse team cinched. In fact the whole team of Murray, Walky, Brough, Ballagh, Atkinson, Rule, King, Breaky, Wheaton and Stroud play about the highest brand of interfaculty sport we have witnessed. They use speed and team play as well as brawn and muscle and the result is probably another interfaculty championship for S.P.S.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY



A Nifty Gift

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ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

SWAP. One powerful Dusenbergs for one baby carriage. See Morley J. any time (I can't see him at all. heh, heh.)

We hereby offer our little bit of advance and inside dope and hope the Athletic Association takes it to heart, or to the waste paper basket. Art Upper will very likely play Interfaculty hockey this year and we call that using the old noodle. When a man that could easily make the Intercollegiate senior team passes up the chance and all that goes with it, so that he can get some studying done, we call that using discretion. Like all other good sports writers we say play the game for the fun of it, but little typewriter says that

if you can win a championship at the same time so much the better. From the brand of hockey played in the Interfaculty shinny series, it seems to us it would only take one or two good defence or forward players on any interfaculty team (why not School) to bounce the title aspirations of the other faculties high, wide and handsome. Some wise scribe once said, "A word to the wise is sufficient", and also, "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

* * *

We liked the spirit behind a School sports notice in *TheVarsity* recently to the effect that if there were any Schoolmen around who had ever had anything to do with water (do I hear a snappy comeback?), the water polo manager would appreciate it if they'd turn out. The idea is they want to get together an Interfaculty championship team and anyone who can swim, paddle, float or just get in the way, is very welcome.

The same goes for Indoor track. We want to keep the T.C.C. Cup right at home. Last year we won handily and again this year, the most capable track coach in Canada will help anybody to become an Intercollegiate star in six lessons. Seriously, we would urge everybody who thinks they can or would like to run, to turn out in Hart House, Tuesday and Thursday nights.

* * *

Although when this goes to press, we don't know the final results, everything points to another Championship for School in the B. W. and F. meet (Bust 'em Wide and Far).

We do know that Millson and Carmichael in the boxing and Houle in the wrestling, put plenty of the old umpah into the fight and left some six or eight hopefuls wondering how come there were six Schoolmen fighting them at the same time. All of which means that Millson put a couple away in cold storage, Carmichael got the nod over his men, and Houle did the bone bending act on his troubles in two scenes. In and Out.

* * *

With a hey notty, notty, and a hotcha-cha,

How'm I doing you floor-walkaw,

ELECTRICAL CLUB

The activities of the club which were planned for the last two weeks of the term have unfortunately not materialized. This is due to the difficulty of securing accommodation in Hart House, the various year dances that are taking place, and the necessity of studying for more *annoying Lab. tests*.

At present your executive is making plans for a dance and another smoker early in 1935.

V. B. Ross,
Chairman.